

T H E

Broom on *Cowdenknows*.

### A Favourite SCOTS SONG.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
Sing their successful loves ;  
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
And music fills the groves :  
But my lov'd song is then the Broom  
So fair, on Cowdenknows ;  
For sure so soft, so sweet a Broom,  
Elsewhere there never grows.  
Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom, &c.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
And won my yielding heart;  
No shepherd that e'er dwelt on Tweed,  
Could play with so much art;  
He sung of Tay, and Forth, and Clyde,  
The hills and dales around;  
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side;  
Oh! how I blest'd the sound.  
Oh! the Broom, &c.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,  
May with its Broom compare ;  
Not Yarrow's banks in flow'ry May,  
Nor bush aboon Traquair ;  
More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
My peaceful, happy home,  
Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
At eve, among the Broom.  
Oh ! the Broom, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.